

FAREWELL AMATEUR CUP AS WANDERERS SADLY DISAPPOINT

By "ARGUS"

Hounslow Town 3, Wycombe Wanderers 0

TACKLING fiercely and furiously and attacking with all the gusto and bounce of uninhibited youth, Hounslow Town deservedly whipped Wycombe Wanderers in this first round Amateur Cup game at Hounslow. There was no doubt about it. There can be no excuses. The Wanderers, in their grimmest, greyest cup exhibition for many years, sadly disappointed their fans.

A goal down at half time—the result of tragic defensive errors — Wycombe were savaged by a two-goal Hounslow burst almost as soon as the second half started—and that was emphatically that.

Men responsible for the knock-out goals were tiny terror Eric Corbridge, the left winger the Hounslow selectors had seemed to have forgotten, and roving centre-forward Dudley Baker, the honest-to-goodness trier who gave Wycombe pivot John Fisher one of the most miserable afternoons of his soccer career.

CRUMPLED

But it was the Hounslow half-back line who were the real cup heroes. Wycombe attacks crumpled at birth against the sulphur-and-brimstone tackling of these iron men.

Treated as carefully as if he was a bullion consignment on its way to the bank, subdued Paul Bates was scarcely given a look at the ball by centre-half Ken Williams. There was just no hope for Paul.

His inside men, Cliff Trott and Ron Fryer, were snuffed out by those muscular young Athenians Dave Cockell—so aptly named—and man-of-the-match Geoff Price. Trott seemed slower than usual and without much of his fire and Fryer was never allowed the room he needed to create openings.

ONLY WORLEY!

With Gerald Free at the not-so-tender mercy of international full

back Taylor, only Len Worley was left and he was dealt with most respectfully! The liquid Hounslow defence always seemed to pour out one more man to assist full back Roger Good whenever the Wycombe and Spurs international had the ball—not often enough for Wanderers fans.

If Len was the most effective Wycombe player, then it was a personal triumph, for he received little support.

Hounslow had pep and vitality at forward as well, with Dudley Baker the instigator of many attacks. The home side chased everything—swopping positions at great speed — hardly textbook soccer — but how it disconcerted the Wycombe defence!

IN TROUBLE

Disastrously, dangerously off-form for such an important encounter the Wanderers' rear-guard was in trouble both on the wings and in the centre.

The pattern of the game was soon established — in-a-hurry Hounslow bustling and barging away at all points of the compass, crushing Wycombe attackings and starting thrusting home movements almost in the same motion.

And yet—if only Cliff Trott's jabbed shot from a Paul Bates pass had only rolled inches to the right instead of to the left. Goal-keeper Peter Rhodes sighed with relief as the ball trundled to safety past a post. A goal at this fifth-minute stage and we might have seen a different outcome.

MORE MENACE

Both teams tended to be erratic in the early hurly-burly but Hounslow were consistently more impressive. A shot by foraging Johnny Weaver into the goal-keeper's arms was the best Wycombe could manage, but there was much more menace in sniper Corbridge's wicked-looking drive which flashed towards Syrett.

A silly goal put the Athenians on the victory path and made two grey-headed Hounslow veterans thump the Press bench with delight. A dallying Jim Moring was fairly and squarely charged off the ball and there was a mighty sigh from Wycombe fans as winger Ray McDuell's far-from-tempestuous drive skidded out of Syrett's hands and into the net.

Hounslow deserved the lead, but not in this fashion.

NO IMPRESSION

Too slow, too often caught in possession, Wycombe's fussy forwards could make no impression on the Town defence. Hounslow's attackers, by comparison, buzzed angrily around the Wanderers' penalty area, ever menacing.

Hounslow's two pay-off goals came almost immediately after the interval. In the 50th minute Corbridge winged through the centre, from Baker's pass, and crashed home a beauty off the woodwork. Five minutes later it was Corbridge who flighted in a header from a Crisp cross. Unlucky Syrett tried hard to stifle the twisting ball but Baker beat him to it for an easy goal.

As if to rub in the salt, Wycombe began to improve in the final period of the game. Worley had the opportunity to show that he is a king among amateur wingmen.

SWEET REVENGE

As Hounslow, tiring a little, slipped on to the defensive for a spell, Roger Good flipped a Ron Fryer shot off his own goal-line—the nearest Wanderers had come to scoring in 75 minutes of soccer.

Revenge, was the Hounslow battle-cry after the Wycombe victory in the 1958-59 cup competition, just 12 months earlier, and Town's good, strong youngsters could hardly have achieved this more convincingly.